DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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AS GOOD AS A MOTHER.

Lilly was out walking with her mother yesterday, when she saw a group of boys carrying something in which they seemed to take very deep interest. When they came near her she found that the centre of attraction was a bird's nest, in which were three tiny birds, with mouths wide open begging for something to eat. Lilly asked for them, and the boys readily gave them to her. How proud she was when she had them in her hand, and how anxious to go straight home and take care of them! Her walk, generally too short, was on this occasion altogether too long. She did not care to stand on the bridge and see the fishes play, or sit and rest under the widespreading branches of the large maple tree where they usually spent some very pleasant minutes, or in any way to lengthen out the time as she was accustomed to do. All her other pleasures were swallowed up in the care of her new pets. When she got home, they were shown to all her brothers and sisters and admired in turn. She put them in a warm place and attended them carefully, and could hardly be got off to bed, and then insisted on taking them to her room. Her last prayer at night was for her dear innocent orphan birdies.

All night she dreamed of her charge, and before the sun had risen was up, as we see, feeding her pets. She was a careful little girl and took great care of them, and they grew to be quite strong. Then her friends asked her to put them in a cage and keep them; but she refused and let them go where they pleased, to enjoy their life in the manner best suited to them. But they did not go far. They built their nests in the garden, and nearly all day long poured out their volumes of rich music as if in gratitude to their protector, who felt ever so much happier at hearing the warblings proceed from the branches of the trees than from between the narrow bars of even the most beautiful cage.

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AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

It was all but dark when a low knock called me to the door. What was my surprise to see a pleasant-faced man and two small boys, who looked up eagerly as the father asked if I would be so kind as to keep them all night. It had been thawing al day, and the road was deep with mud and soft snow. It looked dismal enough as it wound around out of sight. The smallest boy was trying manfully not to cry, and it was most pitiful to see. My mother's heart could not resist such pleading, and soon they were cleaning and scraping and brushing their boots in a way that spoke volumes to a tidy housewife. I noted this, as I was to be alone through the evening; and having a dread of strangers and horror of bad men, I felt timid. "But who ever saw a bad man neat?" I argued; so I bustled around and made them comfortable by the warm fire, cut the last loaf in my pantry, and made them a warm drink, my heart growing happier every minute as I found the man pleasant and thoughtful, watching the boys that they should not be in the way, etc., while the little fellows seemed to be perfect gentlemen. Poor little Fritz could hardly get over sighing all the evening. The man came up to stop with a friend, and try to get himself and boys steady work in a mill, but found the friend had just moved away, so they had been looking over the mills themselves without success, and were turning back homeward. He had tried for more than an hour to find a place, for Fritz could hardly walk. But alas for "the rarity of Christian charity," this poor German finds himself far from home, tired, and hungry for the first time in his life. When the boys arose from eating they said "thank you" in concert, in a way that seemed to me to be a custom with them, spoken earnest and frank—a charming practice, if so. I spread the table with books and pictures, and they enjoyed them hugely, especially Hans; his fine eyes would light up with true artist pleasure as he caught sight of a nice picture. The father's solicitude for their good behavior in all things would have been a profitable study for careless parents, could they have watched this man through the evening. Hans was twelve years old, he said; his pleasant, earnest face spoke for better things than the dull routine of mill work. What time is there in the busy clanking and ceaseless whir, for boys to grow and expand body and mind? Their pleasant good-night rang in my ear a long time. It was subdued and childlike. But a sound of cheer and trust was in it. They were very tired, but as I stood near the stair-door I heard Hans skip along boy-fashion, saying over and over, "Goot, goot." I suppose the bed did look good to him. The boys came down quietly and carefully in the morning, and spoke their greeting in the same prompt, nice way which had so pleased me the night before. When with clean faces they sat at our breakfast-table, I thought that we never entertained better appearing boys. The man said that this was "the first time he had ever lived on other people." He had been in this country sixteen years, and his trade supported his family well until now. When he got up from the table he said, "I thank God for this breakfast." The boys did not forget their "Thank you," and Hans wrote down their name for us—a real German name. I often go to the book and spell it out, for it is written so beautifully by this twelve-year old boy. It was with much interest and sympathy that we bade them good-bye as they started on their twenty-mile walk home. Little Fritz was pretty small for so long a walk, but he trudged off sturdily. I imagine the simple German home, and know a careful, thrifty *fraulein* has given to her boys what is better than gold—a good basis on which to build manhood—just such careful earnest men as America wants to-day and will want in the years to come' when Hans and Fritz become men. But oh! me, is there aught but work, grinding work and poverty in these boys' future? I wonder if the bright children all over the land can find the two lessons contained in this little incident? One of them is for the boys, and girls, too—for who does not admire, respect, and love the quiet, well-bred boy who is prompt in all the courtesies of life at home and abroad. The other lesson to those who have the grateful shelter of home, is one that is also taught in the Good Book. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers." If ye have little or much, share it gladly with the needy.—*N. Y. Witness.*

AS GOOD AS A MOTHER.

(From a painting by J. Hayllar.)

Temperance Department.

THE "WORKMEN'S PET."

"By-the-by, ye haven't seen our new coffee-room yet," says my English host, as we turn our faces homeward after a long afternoon's sight-seeing among the Birkenhead dock-yards.

"Well, suppose we go there now. It's early yet, and a cup of coffee will be no bad thing after all this tramping about in the dust."

No sooner said than done. We mount the steep slope that borders the Mersey, trudge through Hamilton Square, with its little railed in plot of green turf, pass along the front of the market, whose great round clock seems to stare after us like the eye of a Cyclops, and, turning a corner, halt in front of a large, substantial building, announcing itself in broad black letters as a "Coffee and Cocoa Room."

Our entrance through the swinging door at this early hour of the evening, when most of the regular customers have not yet "knocked off work," puts the "helps" behind the counter on the alert at once. There are four of them, two lads and two girls, all neatly dressed, and with a brisk, business-like air about them, which augurs well for the prosperity of the establishment. Our order of "two breads and two coffees" is promptly obeyed; and, seating ourselves in a corner near the door, we begin to look about us.

A long and tolerably high room, with white-washed walls and plank floor, both scrupulously clean; three or four gas-burners, throwing a bright hearty glow over the whole scene, that looks like a protest against the cheerless dimness outside; a row of long tables and benches, giving quite a school-room look to the interior; a narrow space for passage between them and the counter, on which stand ranged a tempting show of meat-pies, buns, rolls, tea-cakes, and what not, sentinelled by the huge shining urns, which, looming through clouds of steam, might pass for some new and improved variety of engine-boiler.

But the one thing that strikes us at the first glance is the orderly behavior of the company. One and all are in their working clothes, and many ragged enough; but there is no sign of the boisterous swagger which the same men would instinctively assume in the bar of a tavern. Not an oath is to be heard, and the talk, though broken now and then by a hearty burst of laughter that it does one good to hear, seldom rises above the ordinary pitch. In this neat, well-kept room, they evidently feel themselves to be "on their good behavior;" and very well they behave, as an intelligent workman will always do, when not persuaded by mischievous agitators that the exaggeration of his natural independence of manner into noisy roughness is the best way of showing that he is a free man.

By degrees the room fills, little groups of three and four dropping in, in quick succession, many with newspapers in their hands. The intrusive presence of our black broadcloth at first seems to throw a slight chill over our immediate neighbors, for no one is quicker to resent any fancied condescension than the man who is working his own way; but my friends' genial manner, and his readiness in making way for them, and helping them to arrange their cups and plates, soon puts all to rights, and before long we are all chatting away sociably enough.

"Tell 'ee what, master," says a stalwart ship carpenter on my right "we ain't sitch fools as they thinks us, we ain't. Folks calls us beasts and brutes, and sitch-like, but there's a many on us never had a chance to be owt else. Says a gen'lman to me t'other day, 'My man, why don't you stay at home and save your money, instead of going and making a beast of yourself?' Says I to him, 'Well, master, if you was to come home some cold winter night, tired out wi' yer day's work, and find the fire out, and the children cryin', and the wife washin' up, and the house all in a mess, and nowt for you to eat, mayhap you'd be glad of a snug place by the tavern fire, and a drop o' some'at hot, jist the same as me.'"

An audible chuckle from the audience, who evidently regard him as an oracle, greets this quotation.

"Now," he resumes, "here's what it coom to. While we'd no place but the 'public' to go to, we went theer; now we've got this place, we cooms here instead. Here's a clean room, fit for a man to sit down in; and here's good coffee 'stead o' bad beer; and here's lots o' good stuff to eat with it—and you jist see if it don't git more of our custom nor any 'public' in the town."*

Just at this moment, the eyes of my immediate neighbors, which have been straying toward the door as if in expectation of some one, light up with a sudden sparkle, and there is a general shout of "Hooray! here comes the Pet!"

Uttered in this way, the name suggests to me a broken-nosed gentleman in a white hat, with a monstrous bull-dog at his heels; but, to my amazement the hero of this uproarious welcome is a pale, fair-haired little boy of eight years old, whose smooth, delicate features and golden curls contrast startlingly with the grim, bearded, swarthy faces around him. But he is evidently quite at home among these rough playmates, and smiles cheerily as they toss him up, and clap him on the back, and pat his tiny hands, and pass him from one to the other, very much as the Brobdingnag giants may have made sport with little Gulliver.

Half-way down the line, a hulking fellow, with a slice of bread-and-butter in his hand, happens to look aside for a moment, when the "Pet" instantly whips away the morsel, and swallows it himself, amid the uproarious laughter of the company.

"Halloa, Jim! he was too sharp for yer that time."

"Aye, he be a reg'lar owd-fashioned 'un, that he be," declares Jim, smoothing the child's curly hair with one hand while proffering him his brimming cocoa-mug with the other. "See, he's a-wanting to git away to Big Sam now. Sam and him's always chums."

My sturdy neighbor holds out his huge hands with a grin of welcome, and the little fellows nestles into the broad breast, and twines his thin little arm around the great bull-neck, with a bright, confident smile that might melt the heart of a Nero. But now that the tiny face is close to mine, I notice a strange, wistful, longing look in the large bright eyes, which is speadily and sadly accounted for.

"He be deaf and dumb, poor little chap!" says the giant compassionately; "and his father and mother's dead, and him and his brother Jack, that's jist two year older, be left all alone. He works in our yard, does Jack."

"What, at ten years old?" ask I incredulously.

"Oh, bless yer! I don't mean heavy work like ourn—light jobs, and [illegible]ages, and sitch. But, o' course, his wages [illegible]n't keep this little 'un as well as himself, so" (he hesitates a moment)—"and so, you see, it's got to be made up some other way."

"And as I can pretty well guess what that way is," puts in my friend, producing his purse, "I hope that you will allow this gentleman and myself to contribute."

There is a murmur of assent, and a shrivelled little old man, with a humorous twinkle in his small grey eye, steps forward to receive the money. And then, warned by the admonitory "ting-ting" of a clock in the corner, we rise to depart, followed through the door by a hearty "Good night" from our late companions.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

* This prophecy is already being amply fulfilled.

DR. JOHN HALL ON DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is a sin of a peculiar kind. Society forgets it as it does not forget other sins. Let a man lie, or be base or mean, and society has its own way of expressing its opinion adversely to him. But it will forgive a man who has been overtaken by drink. It will be apt to conclude, for instance, that probably the man is generous, has a kindly heart, and has been betrayed into this sin. Now, just because of this characteristic it is more important that a certain influence should, to the utmost degree, be brought to bear against it. I know a man, at this moment in this city, who by birth, education, and social advantages might have reasonably aspired to the highest place this community could give him. He is hopeless and helpless through the indulgence in drink. When the question was asked of one who had known him from his childhood, and loved him well, how he got into the way of it, the answer was, "I am sorry to say that he learned it at his father's sideboard." That is the history of many of that class whom we know as gentlemen with liberal education, with large means, and the free kind of life that large means enable families to live, and because of these very qualities become the readiest victims to this ensnaring vice. If I may be permitted to add one word more, it would be, perhaps, in the direction of emphasizing one point, viz: the need of teaching people upon this matter. I have seen that whole region over which Father Mathew did such a great work. If any one wished to criticise that work, the weakness of it lay in this: that the people were moved by his eloquence more rapidly than their minds were informed or convinced. We want to the largest extent to lay the foundation of thorough temperance reform in intelligent conviction on the part of the people. No matter how much men and women are moved by the sympathy of numbers, by the magnetism of the personal presence or the vivid eloquence of the orator, when they come face to face with temptation again, back of the emotions there must be that deep-seated, intelligent conviction that tells upon the will and constitutes a permanent spring of action. I should be glad to say something to touch the young people in our common schools in this matter. I am exceedingly glad, as every good citizen must be, when the able and intelligent men who manage the press of our city utter in clear and unmistakable terms this truth: that the man who helps to make people drunkards is the enemy of his country, is the enemy of his race. When I was a student at college I think the deepest impression made upon my mind was at a great public meeting at which were four young men who had gone through the same college only a short time before, and who had dedicated themselves to the work of missions. I remember as I sat in the gallery of the church as a boy, looking with a kind of unutterable enthusiasm upon these young men, I pictured to myself the brilliant future before them, a future of carrying enlightenment and blessing of manifold kinds to the people to whom they were going in India. Twelve or thirteen years after, when I was myself a clergyman in the city of Dublin, I remember being called by the sexton one day from the class I was teaching to the entrance of the room connected with the church where I was engaged. He said: "There is a man [he did not say gentleman] outside who wishes to see you." He seemed so urgent that I interrupted my business and went to see him. He was shabby in his dress, haggard in his face, and had especially that look of self-condemnation that is so characteristic of the confirmed drunkard. I put a few questions to him, and to my horror I discovered that the man who stood before me begging for charity in the shape of a few shillings to get him bread was one of the four young ministers whose consecration to this work had made such an impression on my mind. And yet, though we see the horridly revolting character of the sin when a man in my own profession is thus dragged down and ruined by it, dear friends, what is it worse than the ruin that comes upon men, and upon refined, cultivated women, who, with every social advantage, become the victims of this temptation? Because you love the land, because you love the city, because you value Christian truth and Christian principle, don't be afraid to stand by this cause. Don't be afraid to put it upon the highest ground—viz., that it is destructive to every interest man ought to value, and is to be combated by every principle that it is possible for us as Christian men and patriots to bring to bear in hostility to it.—*From Recent Address in New York.*

WHO SHOULD CLEAR THE WAY?

Mrs. Bayley, the author of "Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them," and of "Who Stops the Way," has recently brought out, by the agency of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, a little pamphlet asking "Who should Clear the Way?" The question is addressed to "the two august assemblies, known by the names of the Church and State;" and by "the way" is meant the way of deliverance from some of England's greatest evils, due to the existence of the liquor-traffic. Mrs. Bayley writes as representing a large body of workers who are occupying themselves in striving to improve the home life of the working classes; and she rightly claims to write with some degree of authority on this subject, derived from long years of observation and personal contact with the evils she describes.

"What I have written," the writer says, "is no attempt to measure strength with strength; far from this, it is a cry for help—a confession of weakness, an admission that, if left unaided, we have little chance of accomplishing on any large scale what we are endeavoring to do. We can, most of us, speak thankfully of many cases of individual reform; but principally owing to the ever-increasing facilities provided for obtaining intoxicating drinks, the habit of taking these drinks has of late years so increased, among women especially, that where we had formerly in our mothers' meetings to deal with one drunken mother, we have now ten or fifteen."

And so in this little book we have a very earnest plea for the women of this country, that they may be preserved by a righteous law against the seductions of the liquor-traffic. Knowing nothing in this world so worthy of the name of heroism as the patient endurance and continuance in well-doing witnessed over and over again in wives and mothers who have been left, through the insobriety of husbands, to fight the hard battle of life as best they could, and remembering many instances wherein the children of such women have turned out remarkably well, Mrs. Bayley knows too well, as we all know, that where the wife and mother is the culprit, the children have no chance whatever. Either they perish miserably in their earliest years, or they live only to swell the ranks of the dangerous classes, causing their country an immense amount of expense and trouble, and fighting as deadly enemies in the great battle of morality and religion. "Women," says this writer of their own sex, "quickly pass beyond the range of moderate drinking. They have less power than men to resist temptation, and if the home life of our country is to be saved, temptation, to a great extent, must be removed out of the way. If compassion, and a sense of right, are not motives sufficiently strong to induce those who hold the power to remedy this evil, then let them remember that women who perish by their vices never perish alone,—they drag down with them innumerable victims."

Mrs. Bayley cites the evidence of a superintendent of police on the value of the one hour per night which, a few years ago, was taken off from the sale of drink. After night fell, said the superintendent, the evil in our streets went on, hour after hour, increasing in intensity, until the last hour seemed a climax of all that was horrible; and the gain of that hour relieved the police from the worst of their work in dealing with drunkenness in its most revolting phases. "And to think," she exclaims, "that that one hour was again given back to Satan, that he might not be defrauded of his best time for drawing his chains tighter and still tighter round his unhappy victims, and that those who live by the vices of others might be protected from loss!"

And so Mrs. Bayley appeals pathetically to our legislators. "These men know that the country has confidingly left its best and most important interests in their hands; and one of the uses they make of this power is to permit what acts as a fire to be kept ever burning in our midst, destroying the happiness of innumerable homes, consuming one life every ten minutes, besides causing an incredible amount of pauperism, crime, insanity, and misery of all kinds. It blights all that is beautiful and good; yet this fire must burn on, seven days in the week, and far into the night. Those who should be as fathers to the nation, ever keeping themselves sensitively alive to every thing which can hinder its prosperity, cripple the resources, or lower its standard of right, make themselves responsible for legalizing a traffic which sows broadcast the seeds whence, more than from any other, the dangerous classes spring. And this sowing is ever going on at an accelerated pace. The sheaves, as they ripen, drop into seed after their kind, and spring up in ever-varying and deepening forms of ignorance and vice."

The writer, therefore, appeals powerfully to the Legislature,—to the State,—to the Church of England, and to the whole Christian community. "If the whole Christian community will but recognize that this great battle must be fought out by them, we may with confidence hope for deliverance, for they will fight with God on their side."

We are deeply thankful for the invaluable aid to the good cause rendered by a pen so gentle yet so strong, so steeped in the black ink of our country's miseries, yet so pure and good, as this of the widely-known, and surely wherever known sincerely reverenced author of "Ragged Homes and How to Mend Them." The more she studies those homes, the more intently is her gaze drawn to the liquor traffic as their greatest rending cause, and to its suppression as an indispensable means of mending them.—*Alliance News.*

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION IN SWEDEN.—Ex-Bailie Lewis, of Edinburgh, in a recent address at a conference upon the educational aspect of the temperance question, under the auspices of the Scottish Temperance League, said: "In visiting the Swedish public schools I was particularly struck with the thorough manner in which physiology was taught to the children. I recollect going into one school in Gothenburg, where there was a large number of scholars, and the teacher said he would put any question to the scholars I wished; and I pointed to a large physiological map, and asked the teacher to put a few questions in regard to that map, and in reply to questions a young lad told correctly how butcher meat and potatoes built up the physical system. I then put the question, 'In what manner does brandevine, or brandy, build up the human system?' and the young boy, with a look of contempt at my ignorance, answered with a kind of smile, 'Brandy does not build up—it pulls down.' [Applause.] So that you see we are much behind the educational authorities in Sweden."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

TESTIMONIALS FOR ARTICLES OF DIET AND DRINK.—Dr. Hinckes Bird, medical officer of health, draws attention to the too common and very reprehensible practice of medical men and analysts helping the board-casting of testimonials for almost anything, including alcoholic drinks—especially sherry and whiskey. Does it at all follow that the public get the identical article of which, naturally, the advertiser would send the best possible specimen to the analyst?

EVERY license to sell liquor as a common beverage gives a legal right to him that holds it to injure his fellow-man, to impose heavy burdens upon society, and to hinder the progress of the church.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Agricultural Department.

FEEDING INSTEAD OF KILLING CROWS.

Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred farmer boys have been taught that it was an imperative duty to shoot, trap, or in some way kill every crow possible. This slaughter of the crow did not originate with the present generation; but was first practiced by the Puritans, when they discovered that a mother crow liked softened or water-soaked corn with which to feed her young in spring. Consequently the average Yankee boy comes honestly to this hatred of a useful bird, or at least through hereditary descent. Of course, we have no idea that anything that can be said in these columns in favor of the crow can make an inbred hater of this bird believe that the owner of such glossy black feathers is not created expressly to torment the farmer by pulling up his newly planted corn in spring.

The thousands of cutworms, white grubs, crickets, grasshoppers, and other noxious insects devoured by crows during the year reckon for nothing in the estimation of the ordinary farmer toward compensating him for the few hills of corn occasionally destroyed in spring. Then how many farmers ever give the crow credit for preventing pestilence in neighborhoods where it is the general practice of those whose cattle die in winter to haul the carcass out into the back lot or woods, and leave it there to decay and pollute the air for miles around? The half-starved crows, when let alone, will take what little meat is left upon the bones of the dead animals, thereby becoming very useful scavengers, and counteracting the results which are likely to follow the neglect of the farmer to bury his dead stock.

But, as we have said, it is difficult to eradicate the hereditary hatred of the crow, and it break out continually and frequently where we would least expect it. The flock of crows that follow the plowman all the day long, picking up grubs from the newly-turned furrow, may lose some of their number at night in consequence of a suggestion from a neighbor that crows have been known to rob birds' nests, which may be true occasionally; but certainly cannot be a common trait, or else the small birds would have long since disappeared from our fields and forests. We have known localities where there were enough crows living and nesting, within an area of fifty acres, to have killed all the small birds within twenty miles square, and still the latter seemed to be as abundant and brought forth as many young during the season as if there were no crows in the country. Too many birds of any kind may, under certain circumstances, become a nuisance; but we have never known an instance of insectivorous kinds reaching that point, consequently it is bad policy to destroy them, especially while noxious insects are on the increase; as they undoubtedly are.

In defiance of what we were taught in our boyhood regarding the villanous character of the crow, and the almost universal belief that he is an enemy of the husbandman, we treat him with kindness whenever he chooses to visit our grounds. When the time arrives for putting in corn, we put up no "scarecrows," but scatter soaked corn over the field, allowing them to take all they want. A few quarts of soft corn, scattered every few days, until the growing crop is too large for the crows to pull, is a better and cheaper protection than any scarecrow, and it encourages the crows to visit the field to hunt for worms, grubs, and noxious insects later in the season. If all of our insectiverous birds were encouraged to visit the grain-fields and orchards, there would be less occasion to fight insect pests by more expensive methods.—*Weekly Sun.*

CURRANT GROWING.

The currant is, next to the strawberry, the most popular of our small fruits. The sale far exceeds that of the raspberry, the blackberry, or even the grape, and there is rarely if ever a full supply in the market. Since the advent and general spread of the currant worm very few currants are grown in private gardens. Though there is no real difficulty in preventing their ravages, the matter is almost always neglected until the worms have spread themselves over the bushes and done so much damage to the foliage as to destroy the crop and so injure the plant as to prevent a good crop the next season. Then one more onset of the worms, not promptly met, finishes the bush, and the cultivator votes it cheaper to buy than to grow currants.

We have grown currants for the last twelve years on a large scale for a country neighborhood, our crop ranging from twenty to forty bushels, and we have never been able to meet the calls of all our customers. Orders come to us for this fruit from forty, fifty and even one hundred miles away. It is the only small fruit the price of which has not had to be reduced since the hard times, and last year it brought us as much money per bushel as strawberries, at half the cost. We believe that there is not a village of any size in Vermont that will not furnish a market for the product of five hundred currant bushes, say fifteen to twenty bushels, at twelve and one-half cents a quart. Yet we get so few orders for currant bushes that we have ceased to grow them in our nursery, except to supply our own wants, which call for about one hundred plants a year.

The currant comes into full bearing about three years after the setting of yearling plants grown from cuttings, and if well taken care of they will continue to give improving crops for five or six years longer, with careful pruning they will last much longer, but we prefer to replant after eight years. The average product will be from two to four quarts per bush, though bushes of some varieties, such as the Red Gondonin, will frequently yield a peck each. But there is "an out in everything," and this very productive kind has the habit of rotting almost before they are ripe.

The only kind we would ever plant for profit is the Red Dutch. There is very little demand for the white varieties, though they make as nice and almost as high colored jelly as the red; but it is difficult to make purchasers believe it. The White Grape is even more productive than the Red Dutch, but the branches are not sufficiently erect to keep the fruit clean. The Versailles and Cherry Currants are very large, and it might pay to grow them near large cities, but we cannot get a cent more a quart for them, and not often more than a quart to the bush. On heavy soil they would probably do better than with us, but so would the other kinds.

Our currants are planted between trees in our young apple orchard. The land is kept in condition to grow fair crops of corn. In rich garden soil much better results could be obtained. We grow the black-cap raspberry in the same way, and can make large crops, but the sale is limited. Occasionally we plant a bed of strawberries between two rows of apple trees. This fruit has to be highly manured to do anything, and we notice that the adjoining currant bushes show the benefit of the enrichment in their neighborhood. We do not often do this, however, as our orchard ground is not our best strawberry land. The crops there are oftener peas, beans or corn. The strawberry not only requires rich but moist land for profitable growth. If we could get enough manure we could double our currant crop on the same number of bushes, but then we could not grow them in the orchard, for it does not answer to force the growth of a young orchard in our climate.

The worst foe of the currant is not the currant worm, but the robin. These birds have so multiplied in our grounds, that last season they destroyed half our currants, and utterly ruined our raspberry crop. They pick off and drop ten berries to every one they swallow, so that the ground under the bushes is covered with them. Perhaps they do this out of revenge for our killing the worms, which ornithologists say they are so fond of. We leave that question to those of our readers who have depended on the birds to keep their currant bushes clear of worms.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

NECESSARY REFORMS IN THE CONDUCT OF FAIRS.

As it is about the time of the year when arrangements are made by the various boards of agriculture for holding their annual fairs and considering the moral teachings prevalent among them for the past few years, it might be well to remind them that the statute of Indiana says: "That if any person shall erect, bring, keep, continue or maintain any booth, tent, waggon, huckster shop or other place for the sale of intoxicating liquors, cider, beer or other drinks, any article whatever, or shall keep or exhibit any gaming table, roulette, shuffle-board, faro bank, nine-pin or ten-pin alley or billiard table or any other gaming or wagering apparatus whereby any money or articles of value can be lost or won, or any persons who may be the owner or proprietor of any real property who shall rent or permit the same to be used for any such purpose, within one mile of any * * * agricultural fair or exhibition * * * * * shall be fined in any sum not more than $25 nor less than $5." And as the utility of agricultural societies consists in the morals they inculcate, they should make an honest and faithful resolve to enforce the rules they make, which are amply backed by the above statute, and relieve themselves from the hypocrisy they manifest before the world, when their by-laws read that "No species of spirituous or malt liquors shall be sold or drank on the grounds, or adjoining the same, nor shall gambling of any species be allowed on or near the grounds during the days of the fair." And at the same time, while visitors at the fair read this regulation, they can readily observe all manner of gambling devices running on the grounds. And ask any of the officers of the society what it means, and the reply is generally as well stereotyped as the by-laws: "Oh! they take the risk of the law themselves, and pay high for the privilege. The society is not to blame; we must have money." Upon the very ground of the society from whose rules this identical by-law was clipped could be found at the identical fair at which this by-law was in force, a ten-pin alley, numerous lottery schemes, a roulette, a gift enterprise, and six booths selling intoxicating liquors, as boldly as it is done in licensed saloons. And the common practice that respectable men, directors and officers of agricultural societies, have of prevaricating, or absolutely lying, about such things, is a most pernicious example to set before the young and rising generation. Such men are trustworthy and exemplary in an individual capacity, but their zeal to serve a public trust profitably over-balances their prudence. Now let the directors and managers of agricultural societies resolve to act honestly and manifest good faith toward their professions, and their organizations will accomplish the purpose for which they were originally designed. It will be well enough though for the citizens, in vicinities where agricultural societies have heretofore practiced such perfidy, to form citizen committees and be on the alert, claiming the protection offered to the community by the above-quoted statutes, for it is not putting language too strong when we say, many of the so-called agricultural fairs are intolerable schools of vice, and if not reformed, should be abated by law.—*M. B. K., in Indiana Farmer.*

A Summer Fern Bed.—A lady writing to the New York weekly *Tribune* gives these directions for a fern bed: If there is a wet or unsightly place under the tree that never can be made to look well, all the better; choose that spot for your ferns. An airy place, shaded by the house, will do nearly as well. Choose a bundle of stakes two and a half feet long, an inch and a half in diameter, and which still tightly retain the bark; drive these into the ground in a circular or oblong form, as you may wish the bed to be; the stakes may stand from twelve to eighteen inches above the ground; now weave in and out about the stakes, basket fashion, grape vine until the top of the stakes is reached. You then have what appears to be a rustic basket. Fill in the bottom with sod, or earth rubbish of various sorts, but leave room enough in the top for a good layer of forest mould, in which plant the ferns, which may be taken from the woods as soon as the fronds begin to peep above the ground. It is better to choose the ferns from a plot where they grow thickly, and take them up so that they may be as little divided as possible, and with plenty of soil unbroken about the roots. Fill your basket full of them, and if you water them well in a few weeks you will have a thing of beauty to gladden your eyes for many a week to come. The basket may be further ornamented by slipping seeds of the cypress vine or morning glory between the interstices of the grape vine into the soil. They will sometimes grow right merrily, and if trained about the basket beautify and illuminate it in a very dainty and exquisite fashion. In lieu of the stakes and grape vine (wild grape vine can nearly always be procured in abundance) a basket which has lost its bottom may be used, which if not already browned by exposure, may be painted any desirable color. If the fern basket is sufficiently protected in the fall with leaves it may be relied upon for a thrifty crop of ferns the following summer.

Encouragment for Farmers' Boys.—It is a good sign for the future of farming that boys are to be encouraged as well as horses. Stilman B. Allen, of Boston, offers a set of premiums, through the *N. E. Farmer* to the boys of York Co., Me., for the best crops of Indian corn raised during 1879. The boys are to be sixteen years old and under; the land one-eighth of an acre, to be measured by a person appointed by the president of the County Agricultural Society; the contestant to do all the labor, but may have assistance in driving their teams; amount of manure and hoeing to be optional; each contestant to make out a full report of every detail of labor, estimate of cost exclusive of husking, for which he may have all the help he wants from the boys and girls of the neighborhood. The first prize will be $100, the second $50, and there will be five other prizes of $10 each. We shall look with interest for the report next fall from York Co., Me.—*Ex.*

Mind Your Own Business.—Nothing but ultimate ruin stares that farmer in the face who does not pay personal attention to the minute details of his farm. There are a thousand small leaks about the management of an ordinary farm, that, if not closely attended to, will surely bring the most hard-working farmer to ruin and bankruptcy. A large portion of the farmers can attribute their present condition to no other cause than a lack of close attention to the small details of the farm. Close supervision of the machinery, tools, stock and their feed, a place for everything and everything in its place. No hired help is as much interested in attending to these duties as the farmer himself. Such a course would in a few months, or years at most, enable many farmers who are now on a down-hill grade to again begin to ascend, and if persevered in will surely make headway against what would otherwise look doubtful. —*Maine Farmer.*

DOMESTIC.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun bath is the most refreshing and invigorating bath that can possibly be taken.

Eggs Broth.—Beat an egg until it froths; stir into it a pint of boiling-hot broth free from fat; season it with a saltspoonful of salt, and serve it with thin slices of dry toast. This broth abounds in flesh-forming elements.

Iceland Moss Chocolate.—Soak one ounce of Iceland moss in one pint of boling water, keeping it hot until it is dissolved. Then grate an ounce of sweet chocolate, and boil it in a pint of boling water until it is dissolved. Mix the moss and chocolate together, and sweeten so that the drink will be palatable. It may be heated and given to the invalid night and morning in such quantities as will not overtax the digestive organs. It is very nutritious.

Barley Water.—Wash two ounces of pearl barley in cold water until it does not cloud the water: then put it into half a pint of cold water over the fire and boil it for five minutes; next drain off this water, put the barley into two quarts of cold water, set it over the fire, and let it boil until it is reduced to one quart. Strain, cool, and sweeten slightly, if desirable. Pearl barley contains starch and mucilage, and makes an exceedingly soothing and refreshing draught in cases of fever and of inflammation of the membranes of the stomach and bowels.

Taking Cold.—It is a matter of general observation, that a person may at one time be exposed to changes of temperature, pass suddenly from a heated lecture-room or church, into a cold, windy atmosphere, or even be exposed to a draft of air without taking cold, while, at another time, a severe cold will be contracted with apparently no exposure. Hundreds may be equally exposed, and yet only a few out of the number will suffer in consequence of it. The condition of the health, and the state of digestion of the person exposed, it will be found, if one is sufficiently observant, determines to a great degree, the susceptibility to taking cold. When a person's digestive system is in good condition, there is comparitively little danger of taking cold from any ordinary exposure. One who is continually taking cold and suffering in consequence, will find upon trial that a simple diet, moderately partaken of, is the best means of guarding against taking cold. All such persons will find that attention to the diet will prove a much more reliable safeguard, than remaining shut up in the house on all except the pleasantest days.—*Morning Star.*

Cooking For The Sick.—Few things have been more talked about, more written about and less understood than this, so perhaps our few words will not be superfluous. Of course, when people are very ill, their food is of the simplest, often (in fevers) consisting of milk only, for days, yet even the simplest and plainest things may be made agreeable or repulsive by the way of serving. Be sure that the invalid has the prettiest dishes, cups, etc., that you can procure. A chipped saucer, a cracked cup, is often a source of annoyance to the sick. Don't offer too much food at once, as an appearance of profusion often disgusts a capricious appetite. If your patient is taking broth, for instance, pour out a small portion into your daintiest cup or bowl, and serve it on a small tray, with a little napkin under it. If toast is desired, see that the slice offered is cut evenly, not browned too much in one place, or pale in another, and above all, carefully covered during its progress from the kitchen to the sick-room, so that the warmth on which so much of its palatableness depends may not be lost. With the convalescent equal nicety in the preparation of food is essential. And just here let us say what should have been said first, that cooking for the sick can *never* be delegated entirely to servants, no matter how efficient they may be. The personal sepervision of some member of the family is really indispensable to the success of this duty, as we all must have found at some time. The best trained and most capable cook cannot give to the preparation of food for the sick, those little finishing touches on which so much depends—artistic touches, born of superior culture, and above all, of true affection.—*Intelligencer.*

SAVED AT SEA.—A LIGHT-HOUSE STORY.

By the Author of "Christie's Old Organ," "Little Dot," etc.

CHAP. VIII—(*Continued.*)

There were four men in the boat. They were sailors, and strangers to me. One of them, the one whose voice we had heard, got out to speak to my grandfather.

"Something's wrong," said my grandfather, before he could begin; "something's wrong with that poor lad."

"Yes," said the man, "we've got him here," and he pointed to the boat.

A cold shudder passed over me as he said this, and I caught sight of something lying at the men's feet at the bottom of the boat.

"What's wrong with him? Has he had an accident? Is he much hurt?"

"He's dead!" said the man solemnly.

"Oh dear!" said my grandfather, in a choking voice. "However shall we tell his wife? However shall we tell poor Mary?"

"How did it happen?" I asked at length, as soon as I could speak.

"He was getting a sack of flour on board, over yonder," said one of the men in the boat, "and it was awful thick and foggy, and he missed his footing on the plank, and fell in; that's how it happened!"

"Yes," said another, man, "and it seems he couldn't swim, and there was no boat nigh hand to help him. Joe Malcolmson was there, and saw him fall in; but before he could call any of us, it was all over with him. We got him out at last, but he was quite gone; we fetched a doctor, and took him into a house near, and rubbed him, and did all we could; but it wasn't of no good at all! Shall we bring him in?"

"Wait a bit," said my grandfather, "we must tell that poor girl first. Which of you will go and tell her?"

The men looked at each other and did not speak. At last one of them, who knew my grandfather a little, said, "You'd better tell her, Sandy; she knows you, and she'll bear it better than from strangers; we'll wait here till you come back and then we can bring him in."

"Well," said my grandfather, with a groan, "I'll go then! Come with me, Alick, my lad," he said, turning to me; "but no, perhaps I'd better go by myself."

So he went very slowly up towards the lighthouse, and I remained behind with the four men on the shore, and that silent form lying at the bottom of the boat.

I was much frightened, and felt as if it was all a very terrible dream, and as if I should soon wake up to find it had all passed away.

It seemed a long time before my grandfather came back, and then he only said in a low voice, "You can bring him now, my lads; she knows about it now."

And so the mournful little procession moved on, through the field and garden and court, to the Millars' house, my grandfather and I following.

I shall never forget that night, nor the strange, solemn feeling I had then.

Mrs. Millar was very ill; the shock had been too much for her. The men went back in the boat to bring a doctor to the island to see her, and the doctor sent them back again to bring a nurse. He said he was afraid she would have an attack of brain-fever, and he thought her very ill indeed.

My grandfather and I sat in

"PUFF, PUFF!" SAID LITTLE TIMPEY.

the Millars' house all night, for the nurse did not arrive until early in the morning. The six children were fast asleep in their little beds. I went to look at them once, to see if my little Timpey was all right; she was lying in little Polly's bed, their tiny hands fast clasped together as they slept. The tears came fast into my eyes, as I thought that they both had lost a father, and yet neither of them knew anything of their loss!

When the nurse arrived, my grandfather and I went home. But we could not sleep; we lighted the kitchen fire, and sat over it in silence for a long time.

Then my grandfather said: "Alick, my lad, it has given me such a turn as I haven't had for many a day. It might have been *me*, Alick; it might just as well have been *me!*"

I put my hand in his, and grasped it very tightly, as he said this. "Yes," he said again, "it might have been me; and, if it had, I wonder where I should have been now!"

I didn't speak, and he went on:

"I wonder where Jem is now, poor fellow; I've been thinking of that all night, ever since I saw him lying there at the bottom of that boat."

So I told him of what Jem Millar had said to me, the last time I had seen him.

"On the rock!" said my grandfather. "Did he say he was on the rock? Dear me! I wish I could say as much, Alick my lad."

"Can't you and I come as he came, grandfather?" I said. "Can't we come and build on the rock, too?"

"Well," said my grandfather, "I wish we could, my lad. I begin to see what he meant, and what the old gentleman meant too. He said, 'You're on the sand, my friend; you're on the sand, and it won't stand the storm; no, it won't stand the storm.' I've just had those words in my ears all the time we were sitting over there by Mrs. Millar. But dear me, I don't know how to get on the rock; I don't indeed."

The whole of the next week, poor Mrs. Millar lay between life and death. At first the doctor gave no hope whatever of her recovery, but after a time, she grew a little better, and he began to speak more encouragingly. I spent my time with the poor children, and hardly left them a moment, doing all I could to keep them quietly happy, that they might not disturb their mother.

One sorrowful day only, my grandfather and I were absent for several hours from the lighthouse; for we went ashore, to follow poor Jem Millar to the grave. His poor wife was unconscious, and knew nothing of what was going on.

When, after some weeks, the fever left her, she was still very weak and unfit for work. But there was much to be done, and she had no time to sit still, for a new man had been appointed to take her husband's place; and he was to come into the house at the beginning of the month.

We felt very dull and sad the day that the Millars went away. We went down to the pier with them, and saw them on board the steamer—Mrs. Millar, the six little children, and the servant girl, all dressed in mourning, and all of them crying. They were going to Mrs. Millar's home, far away in the north of Scotland, where her old father and mother were still living.

The island seemed very lonely and desolate when they were gone. If it had not been for our little sunbeam, as my grandfather called her, I do not know what we should have done. Every day we loved her more, and what we dreaded most, was, that a letter would arrive some Monday morning, to tell us that she must go away from us.

"Dear me, Alick," my grandfather would often say, "how little you and me thought that stormy night, what a little treasure we had got wrapped up in that funny little bundle!"

The child was growing fast; the fresh sea air did her great good, and every day she became more intelligent and pretty.

We were very curious to know who was appointed in Jem Millar's place; but we were not able to find out even what his name was. Captain Sayers said that he did not know anything about it; and the gentlemen who came over once or twice to see about the house being repaired, and put in order for the new comer, were very silent on the subject, and seemed to think us very inquisitive if we asked any questions. Of course, our comfort depended very much upon who our neighbor was, for he and my grandfather would be constantly together, and we should have no one else in the world to speak to.

My grandfather was very anxious that we should give the man a welcome to the island, and make him comfortable on his first arrival. So we set to work, as soon as the Millars were gone, to dig up the untidy garden belonging to the next house, and make it as neat and pretty as we could, for the new comers.

"I wonder how many of them there will be!" I said, as we were at work in their garden.

"Maybe, only just the man," said my grandfather. "When I came here first, I was a young unmarried man, Alick. But we shall soon know all about him

he'll be here next Monday morning, they say."

"It's a wonder he hasn't been over before," I said, "to see the house and the island. I wonder what he'll think of it?"

"He'll be strange at first, poor fellow," said my grandfather; "but we'll give him a bit of a welcome. Have a nice bit of breakfast ready for him, Alick, my lad, and for his wife and bairns too, if he has any—hot coffee and cakes, and a bit of meat, and anything else you like; they'll be glad of it after crossing over here."

So we made our little preparations, and waited very anxiously indeed for Monday's steamer.

Monday morning came, and found us standing on the pier as usual, awaiting the arrival of the steamer.

We were very anxious indeed to see our new neighbors. A nice little breakfast for four or five people was set out in our little kitchen, and I had gathered a large bunch of dahlias from our garden, to make the table look cheerful and bright. All was ready, and in due time the steamer came puffing up towards the pier, and we saw a man standing on the deck, talking to Captain Sayers, who we felt sure must be the new light-house-man.

"I don't see a wife," said my grandfather.

"Nor any children," said I, as I held little Timpey up, that she might see the steamer.

"Puff, puff, puff," she said, as it came up, and then turned round and laughed merrily.

The steamer came up to the landing-place, and my grandfather and I went down the steps to meet Captain Sayers and the stranger.

"Here's your new neighbor, Sandy," said the Captain. "Will you show him the way to his house, whilst I see to your goods?"

"Welcome to the island," said my grandfather, grasping his hand. He was a tall, strongly-built man, very sunburnt and weather-beaten.

"Thank you," said the man, looking at me all the time. "It *is* pleasant to have a welcome."

"That's my grandson Alick," said my grandfather, putting his hand on my shoulder.

"Your grandson," repeated the man, looking earnestly at me; "your grandson, indeed!"

"And now come along," said my grandfather, "and get a bit of something to eat; we've got a cup of coffee all ready for you at home, and you'll be right welcome, I assure you."

"That's very kind of you," said the stranger.

We were walking up now towards the house, and the man did not seem much inclined to talk. I fancied once that I saw a tear in his eye, but I thought I must have been mistaken. What could he have to cry about? I little knew all that was passing through his mind.

(To be Continued.)

JACK THE CONQUEROR;

Or, Difficulties Overcome.

BY MRS. C. E. BOWEN.

(From Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER XV.

The present was, however, not the moment for recognition. Mr. R——was busy with the likeness he was taking, and it would be intrusive to explain then; so he turned again to the picture and looked at himself.

Yes, there he lay, just as he had so often done as a child. He could recall the ragged old suit, and the tattered straw hat. He had been to Bushgrove since those early days, and had seen his old friends, and dear old Jenny, now gone to her rest; but even that visit had not revived childish remembrance as this picture now did.

He took a review of his past life as he stood before it, and old Jenny's parting words when he went to Stedwell came into his mind,—

"I know that the Lord will give all that's good for you, if you go on fearing Him and doing your best."

The sitting was over, Mr. Harold lingered behind, and, when alone with Mr. R——, made himself known to him as the original of the urchin on the bank—the hero of the dragon-fly chase.

The discovery delighted as much as it amazed Mr. R——; above all, when Mr. Harold told him how instrumental he had been in putting hope into his heart, which hope had led to action on his part.

Mr. R——, too, had surmounted the difficulties of his lot when a boy; for, though born in a higher class of life, he had been left an orphan without means, except such as his own talents and perseverance placed in his power.

He had from an early age desired to become an artist, but the discouragements he met with whilst seeking to attain his object were sufficiently great to have daunted a less resolved and energetic nature. But, like Jack, he was not to be turned aside from what he aspired to. Each difficulty he overcame was to him but an incentive to perseverance, and the result had been that, step by step, he had advanced in the profession he had chosen, till he had risen almost to the head of it.

From this time a friendship grew up between these two men, and thus Mr. Harold became the possessor of the picture.

He told him the tale of his early life, and bade him gather up his powers and never to despair of accomplishing anything he desired, if only he took in his hand the weapon of Faith, Energy, and Perseverance, with which to grapple at the difficulties that it is God's law shall meet man at every stage of his life.

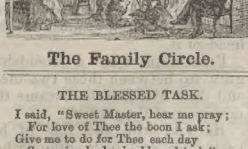
And he repeated to him old Jenny's words, which had been to him as his life's motto—

"I know that the Lord will give all that is good for you, if you fear Him and do your best."

A HUMANE ELEPHANT.

A HUMANE ELEPHANT.

The favorite elephant of the grand vizier under Rajah Dowlah was a noble creature. The great Nabob was about to hunt in the neighborhood of Lucknow. The preparations being complete, and a train of Indian nobility assembled, the procession of Nimrods began to move off for the field. After passing through a ravine, the gorgeous sportsmen entered a meadow which was covered with sick people, who were lying exposed to get the benefit of the pure and fresh air, and they were so distributed as to obstruct the course of the beasts of burden. Rajah Dowlah was intent upon feasting his cruel eyes with the sight that the mangling of the bodies of the miserable creatures would produce, by compelling the huge elephants to trample them under foot. The grand vizier rode upon his own beast, and the Nabob ordered the driver to goad him on; and he went at a quick pace; but when he arrived at the spot of the indisposed people, though in a trot, the sagacious animal stopped short before the first invalid. The vizier cursed him, the driver goaded him, and the Nabob cried, "Stick him in the ear!" All, however, was vain. More humane than his superiors, the elephant stood firm and refused to violate his better feelings. At length, seeing the poor creatures helpless and unable to move themselves out of his way, he took up the first with his trunk and laid him gently down again out of his path. He did the same with the second, and third, and so on, until he had made a clear passage, along which the retinue could pass without doing injury to any of them.—*Records of Animal Sagacity.*



The Family Circle.

THE BLESSED TASK.

I said, "Sweet Master, hear me pray;
For love of Thee the boon I ask;
Give me to do for Thee each day
Some simple, lowly, blessed task."
And listening long, with hope elate,
I only heard Him whisper, "Wait."

The days went by, but nothing brought
Beyond the wonted round of care,
And I was vexed with anxious thought,
And found the waiting hard to bear;
But when I said, "In vain I pray!"
I heard Him answer gently "Nay."

So praying still and waiting on,
And pondering what the waiting meant,
This knowledge sweet at last I won—
And oh the depth of my content!
My blessed task for every day
Is humbly, gladly to obey.

And though I daily, hourly fail
To bring my task to Him complete,
And must with constant tears bewail
My failures at my Master's feet,
No other service would I ask
Than this my blessed, blessed task.

—Harriet McEwen Kimball, in Youth's Companion.

RACHEL MOORE'S "NEIGHBOR."

BY HELEN PIERSON BARNARD.

It happened when Rachel's needle began to falter,—Rachel Moore, our cheery village seamstress. Although she was sixty and had "used her eyes a sight," she could not understand why it was now such a process for her to thread a needle! She thought "something ailed her glasses," and took quite a journey to change them at a celebrated optician's. There was a shadow on her bright face when she returned, and she never worked by lamplight afterwards. When the villagers called in the evening, she was always sitting in the firelight,—a strange fancy, they thought, for the active woman. Rachel did not tell them that she now knew that her sewing days were nearly over! If she could find nothing else to do, which was unlikely, there would be another old lady "on the parish," and at last another grave in the paupers' lot. Rachel had supported herself from childhood; there was no one that she could turn to for help in her old age. The prospect that she must receive charity was like martyrdom. She tried to rally her courage with Scripture promises and hymns of faith and love. Her song sometimes ended in tears, and faith almost failed when she prayed that the evil days might not come. But oftener she was sustained by her trust in the Saviour; her cottage breathed the very atmosphere of peace, the bird sang gaily, and her plants seemed in perpetual sunshine; children loved to linger there, and many a forlorn wanderer shared her scanty bread.

Rachel was much interested in one of her neighbors,—Mary Porter, whose stately home was just across the way. Like the seamstress she was bereft of friends, and seemed always alone and sad. Rachel would watch the slender figure pacing the garden walks till her eyes grew misty with Christ-like pity, and she longed to comfort her. The gossips told many absurd stories about Miss Porter; Rachel had no patience with them. Jake, the village chronicler, gave her a minute history of the Porter family. "The Squire wasn't above taking tea with anybody in the parish. Wal, he passed on; Mis' Porter followed with gallopin' consumption; the son was drowned in furrin' parts,—Mary's the last o' her family. When she dies, there hain't no heir except a cousin, third remove, an unlucky chap, allus wantin' to borry to start life anew! I calc'late Mary Porter's tired of helping him, for she sent back his last letters unopened!"

"How do you know that?" queried Rachel, a trifle sharply.

"Wal, it kinder leaked out from the post-office," said Jake. "Nobody didn't hear it from the servants, sure! A man can't ask after her health, or venture a civil question about crops, without getting short answers! Folks says that Mary Porter's *walked!*"

"Walked!" repeated Rachel, "what nonsense's that?"

"Kinder floated through the street at midnight, her face sot like a sperrit!" lowering his voice and glancing about.

Rachel's wrath boiled over here. Jake hobbled off amazed at the change in the usually genial woman. Like "the north wind" of the proverb, so her "angry countenance drove away the back-biting tongue." Thus she always routed gossips. All such talk ceased when she was near, for it was not in her to "take up" any "reproach against" her "neighbor." When rallied on her championship, she said:—

"She's a stranger to me, I know, but she's grieving for her friends,—always thinking of those who were taken from her!" added she, softly, as the curtain of the years parted on the loss of her own dear ones. It was the memory of this that filled her with sympathy for the mourner. And when assured that Miss Porter knew nothing of the peace that God can give, she longed to lead her to the Master's feet. Rachel's eyes held only pity for the sad woman, and no curiosity, when they chanced to meet. Possibly Miss Porter read this in the sweet-faced old lady who was always carrying a bundle of work, or stitching at the window, for at last she sent some sewing to her. It came when Rachel was so depressed by failing sight that she had scarcely thought of her neighbor for days. All her interest revived, and with it a faint hope that she might yet "comfort her a bit." So when she was sent for to sew at the house she was not surprised, but went, believing that it was providential. She found nothing eccentric in her neighbor, only deep sadness, and a dreary, silent house in which the servants moved softly, as if there were still in it the dead she mourned. Rachel sewed in silence too. Some fine tact kept her from roughly assailing this great sorrow. But she prayed for the pallid, restless lady, who wandered fitfully through he spacious house, until at last she took refuge in the sewing-room. Often her troubled eyes would rest upon the serene face of the seamstress, as if strangely attracted. At last, Rachel's thoughts leaped from her lips—

"My child, you will never get comfort until you carry your grief to the Saviour, and try to help others bear their sorrows. You have time and money; what a blessed work you might do! Surely it would rest your heart to relieve the misery of others." Then, as Miss Porter knew nothing of the peace that God can give, she longed to tell you this when you seemed so hopeless-like. I thought the way was opening when you sent for me, but perhaps I was mistaken," added she, humbly; "we are apt to think it providential if we get some dear wish."

Afterwards they had many talks. Every night in the dark cottage Rachel prayed earnestly for Miss Porter, and every day in the mansion her words came with greater power, until at last the lady too "found peace in believing." She longed now to devote her fortune to doing Christ's work.

"The Master will give you something to do for Him," said Rachel, "only just be ready to serve Him in the least that offers."

Rachel had forgotten the clouds that threatened her while watching for brightness in her neighbor's sky, but when she returned to every-day life and ill-paid shop-work she had to bear her cross again. Miss Porter often surprised her in tears, but could never get her to tell the cause. It all came out one bitter day when Rachel went again to the mansion to sew. The cold attacked her eyes, and she had to cover them for a long time. Miss Porter drew the whole story from her in a sympathetic way that greatly cheered the old lady. She was just taking up some work despite a protest from Miss Porter, when the maid entered and said:

"Your cousin's wife is here, Miss Porter."

It flashed into Rachel's mind that this was the unlucky cousin of whom Jake spoke, just as somebody said, in the doorway:

"I feared you'd refuse to see me, so I've followed your girl. You must be tired of helping us."

"I?" meant the babe she bore, and three children, who clung to her skirt, and peeped forth with bright, eager eyes,—the eldest scarcely five years old. Miss Porter rose in dismay, and Rachel's needle paused; never before had such a group invaded the mansion.

"Where is your husband?" asked Miss Porter, when she found voice.

"Alfred has been unfortunate," the young wife said, with bitter tears. The eldest child now spoke:

"Papa, he's in prison an' we went to see him, but they wouldn't let us stay," adding cheerfully, "Grandpa said we could go to the poor-house."

"Father did indeed say so. He turned us away because I won't leave Alfred. There isn't a roof to shelter these babies, Miss Porter; won't you let us stay a little while? Alfred expects to be out of trouble soon," she added, with childish simplicity. "If not, I'll get something to do after I've rested a bit. We'll be thankful for some little unused chamber; all the children want is the plainest food and warmth," shivering in her thin garments; "they'll not be noisy or spoil your nice house. I'd never ask it for myself," she added, crimsoning with shame as she read no welcome in Miss Porter's face.

The seamstress wondered why the young disciple did not accept this as work for the Master, and end the painful scene with kind words. She whispered to Miss Porter that they might "stay a spell" in her cottage, forgetting as usual her scanty income and the future. Miss Porter gave her a keen glance, and quickly gave the homeless women permission to stay over night, at least.

So these unbidden guests were warmed and fed. The children fairly bubbled over with glee; they sparkled and dimpled and prattled softly, as happy as bobolinks in clover. Rachel fell in love with the merry elves, and Jane, who was to fix them for tea, found her services scorned by the eldest, who had "stolen care of 'em since baby came," he said, rapidly crowning the twin-heads with top-knots. Then he seated the wee men upon a rug with the baby between them, telling the round-eyed duet to to "mind that she did not bump her nose," while he made his own toilet. The young mother shrank within herself, briefly replying to his artless questions, and finally sank to the floor in a faint.

"Poor lamb!" and Rachel gathered her in her arms while restoratives were applied. "I am sure she will have to leave her Alfred before long. I saw the seal of death upon her when she first spoke."

"What will become of all these children, then?" asked Miss Porter, who was still shocked at this sudden accession to her household.

"We read that He even counts the sparrows," replied Rachel, her grave, sweet glance pointing her little sermon. "Surely He will open some Christian home to these little ones, the 'least' of His children, and reward those who feed and clothe them as if it were done to Himself. If God had given me the means I would do it," added the old lady. "It would be next to motherhood for some childless person to train them for usefulness."

Miss Porter made no reply. Rachel went home greatly depressed. It was Christmas eve; an unwonted stir in the quiet town told of merry-makings, gifts and loving friends. This, and the unwelcomed wanderers, made her own future seem dark. She sat in the shadows, too sad to sing or pray. At last somebody knocked, and Miss Porter called softly outside. Rachel opened the door.

"Your voice is full of tears!" cried the lady, entering. She was in high spirits. "My cheery teacher is setting me a poor example! I've come to say that I have decided to keep Alfred's children. How could I hesitate, and almost thrust them out into the cold,—those little ones sent to my desolate home? And since I decided, I really begin to love them." She was glowing like a rose, the former pale lady of the mansion. Suddenly she caught Rachel's hand, saying tremulously: "My friend, you have led me to my Saviour, and shown me my life-work; peace has entered my stormy heart. I cannot get along without you,—will you come and help me with these children? You must sew no more," she added, cheerily, "but keep your eyes to note my short-comings. Will you be a mother to me and the family God has given?"

Thus suddenly did the burden roll from Rachel's tired heart. The patient aged face was too full of emotion for speech.

"We will call it settled, then?" asked Miss Porter. "We must begin our united labors at once, for to-morrow must be a jolly Christmas for the children. Put on your bonnet and help me buy them something. There are the horses now," as sleigh-bells paused before the cottage.

"Bless me! it must be a dream," murmured Rachel, as she found herself starting with her night-cap on under her black bonnet. Such a royal shopping as that was! Rachel could only clasp her hands under her shawl and murmur:

"What will the pretty dears say?"

If you should chance to visit our town, old Jake will doubtless tell you all about it,—he has the number and probable expense of the gifts. But no one could estimate the joy they brought the forlorn wanderers,—aye, and the welcome that beamed in Miss Porter's eyes; and when later, a sunny room was set apart for the nursery, and Rachel was installed therein, the young mother could only say:

"It's too much! It can't be my children are so cared for. If it must be so, I can go easier now!"

So Rachel sees a blessed work before her, instead of useless old age, in the home prepared for her when her cry came up before "the God of the righteous," in the house of her "neighbor" of whom she would bear "no reproach."—*Watchman.*

WHAT WOULD HE LEARN?

Suppose that boy of yours had free access to the issues of the sensational press—by the way, are you sure that he does not read them occasionally or frequently?—what would he learn?

We will suppose that he reads the best, or to put it more truly, the least bad of these sheets, for there is some choice among them, though the best, as we shall see, are bad enough. But your boy reads pretty constantly the sensational story papers designed to attract just such young readers. Papers of the class to which we now refer are filled with stories; two or three serials, with startling titles, are always running in them, cunningly devised to leave the reader at some thrilling juncture to wait for the next instalment. Besides these stories there is almost nothing else. Some doggerel and vulgar verses, now and then a fact of history or natural science, for the rest wildly sensational story upon story, and that is all.

These stories deal, moreover, almost exclusively with adventures. They are not stories of the quiet, if you will, monotonous life that most boys, and men too, have to live. These adventures are often of the most utterly improbable, if not impossible character. The young heroes (?) in them perform the most astounding feats. There is nothing too difficult for them to attempt; there is no position of responsibility which they are not competent to fill.

A boy whose principal diet was this sort of reading would learn then, first of all, that the chief thing in life was to be a great adventurer, and to this end to cultivate physical courage. The rough, hard, true side of these adventures is not shown. A bewildering glamor is thrown over them, and the boy who feeds on them would learn to despise the comforts of his home, the amenities of polite life, the wise but kind restraint of parents, the opportunities for acquiring an education and growing up a civilized man. He would come to think that life meant scouring after wild cattle on the plains, or fighting Indians, or roving over the seas, not as commerce goes, but in some adventurous fashion which success always crowns.

The very least evil then that a boy would learn from these stories would be to dream of and long for a life that is utterly different from the real life that men have to live and ought to live in this world, and for which boys should be preparing. To come thus up on such a diet, the real life when it came, would be indeed distasteful, and he would be but ill-prepared to meet its trials and to bear its burdens. In real life the substance of our occupation is not galloping on a fine horse over breezy uplands, nor encountering wild animals where we always come off best. In real life we have to work for what money we get, work as a rule doggedly, day in and day out, from morning till night. We cannot depend on the decease of some wealthy uncle. In real life the villains we meet are quite as often as not as well dressed as ourselves, and injure us under forms of law, and we are not at liberty to redress real or fancied grievances with pistol or knife. In real life the laws of nature have some sway, and we cannot achieve, nor is there use of attempting impossibilities.

But this evil, grievous though it be, is the least that would be inculcated in the mind of the youthful reader of these stories. A large part of right education consists in the implanting of high moral purpose and principle. But nothing tending in this direction will be found in these publications. We have examined carefully this literature, and there is in it no appeal to the nobler nature, no stigma put upon real baseness, no picture of life as consisting of what one is more than of what he has. The very least that can be said of it is, that it pictures that which, judged by the truest standards, is ignoble, and from that ranges downward, through the vulgar to the utterly debasing. If we are to have noble men, we must begin by teaching our boys what is real nobility of character, and what it is worth. But these stories teach precisely the contrary.

The great safeguard of human society is reverence for law. This has its beginnings in obedience to parental authority. The lovingly obedient boy will be the law-abiding and law-honoring citizen. But in these stories, quite a staple subject is the tyranny of parents and teachers, and the would-be hero is the youth who despises and resists the authority of his natural guardians. If your boy makes this literature the material of his mental diet, he will learn to despise, to chafe under, perhaps to resist your rightful and just authority. He is likely to grow up, as unhappily so many have, to chafe under and resist civil authority, perhaps to his utter undoing. He will certainly cast off the divine authority, to his everlasting ruin. Do you want your boy to learn such lessons as these?

Besides these fundamental evils, the persistent reader of this sort of literature would learn some other things that are bad enough to stamp all these periodicals with the reprobation

of a pure mind. In some of them we willingly acknowledge there is no marked profanity, nor is there obscenity. But they all are full of vulgarities of both thought and speech. They abound in slang. They dull, and eventually of course destroy, a pure mental taste. When one's meat has been highly charged with cayenne, he has no palate for delicate and delicious flavors. And this, though of course not so fundamental as the evils that have previously been mentioned, is by no means a small evil. A generation nourished on this sort of reading would be a generation that would despise a pure and noble literature, counting it stupid and tasteless.

What we have thus far said applies to what we have designated as the least evil of these productions. How shall we fitly characterize the teachings of the rest? There are sheets that venture just as far as they dare and keep themselves out of the clutches of the law in the portrayal of scenes of wantonness and lust.

In addition to his growing up with vulgarity of mind and speech, with contempt for your authority and with chafing under civil law; in addition to his learning utterly false and unworthy views of life, do you want your boy to learn to be a libertine? Then you may suffer him to read those sheets, of which there are a plenty, that will familiarize him with crime, especially with crimes against purity. He will, no doubt, be a ready learner. Passion is strong within us; it needs no stimulus. The boy reading these prurient papers would learn that which would prematurely stimulate his passions, and likely as not—in how many cases this has been the result the concealed records of many a saddened home could tell if their secrets were revealed—become a rake before he had scarcely attained his majority.

We must pause, though the subject grows on us in its appalling magnitude the more we consider it. Fond father, tender mother, loving so dearly your boy with all the noble possibilities of his nature, if you have not before, yet now consider what he would learn from those unworthy and vile sheets so temptingly displayed to catch his attention and secure his purchase. Do not, as you love him, let him be a learner in this school of the devil.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

READ THE BIBLE WITH THE CHILDREN.

However efficient the Sabbath-school may be, and however faithful their teacher, our children must be trained to read the Bible for themselves, at home. They may soon cease to be scholars in the Sabbath-school, and they may not be willing to teach in it. They may go away from home. What shall become of their Bible study if they have not learned to search the Scriptures for themselves? They may read the Bible for a time, and in the light of an uncongenial duty, but they will not persevere in it unless they have formed the habit of reading the Bible and have found the habit delightful.

Now, Scripture language, especially in the historical parts, is very simple and readily comprehended, even by young readers. There is an undefinable charm in the quaint simplicity of its style. Once attracted to it, reading the Bible will cease to be a task perfunctorily performed, and will become a delight. The assignment of one chapter a day and of two on the Sabbath, however, will not win the young heart to its pages.

Let the child be taught by full and frequent instruction, as well as by our habitual reverence in act for the sacred volume, that the word of God is holy. Let it be impressed with the fact that this word is the voice of God, spoken to holy men of old, spoken to us by our Lord Himself and His apostles, who were taught by His mouth. Make a difference between it and every other book, even those that explain and expound it. Set it up on a plane by itself as the one great book, standing alone as the expression of the will of God. Teach the children to speak of it reverently, to handle it carefully, to open its pages gently.

Having inculcated this idea in their minds, and awakened the regard of their hearts for the Bible, show them how to read it. But unless they have some guide and aid in this duty they will be, like the eunuch when Philip found him, reading without apprehension of its truths. Certainly the best way is to read the Scriptures with them. Gather them to your side and open the holy volume before them. They will all like to read with their papa and mamma. Their love for you will lead them to love to work with you. Speak cheerfully: "Come, children, let us read the Holy Bible together, and see what God says to us. Get your Bibles now, or come look on with me, and we will read together. There is nothing papa likes better than to read this good book with his own children." The youngest of them will delight to clamber to your knee, and follow your finger as you read. They will follow you with delight, and remember, even amidst gray hairs, the moments you thus spend with them. See that they understand the words and the thought. Stop and explain, and illustrate the portion you read, till you are sure they know the lesson it was appointed to convey. You will never spend a better hour for them and for yourself.

It will pay to spend your Sabbath time in this manner; for God will become your teacher, as you seek thus to open the very Scriptures to these young hearts. Thus you will ally their love for you with a love for the word of God. No other study will compensate for the loss of the study of the Bible. Yet many parents spend hours in preparing for the instruction of their Sabbath-school classes, while their own darlings are being left to the instruction of others.

We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen when we record our estimate of the exceeding value of this reading of the Bible together by parents and children. Questions will be asked that will surprise you. Some of them may be crude, or far from the mark, but you will thus be able to gauge their knowledge of the truth, and to start them aright in grasping its essential principles.

One of the most vivid and precious memories of childhood is the image of a pure and noble woman, who loved the Word of God, and who, though feeble and easily wearied, yet day after day drew a child that she loved to her side. On her lap lay the dear old Bible almost habitually. And before the boy could do more than slowly spell out the syllables, he was led on to work out, under her direction, his verse, which she carefully explained, as she did her own verse, slowly read with marking finger, in turn. The reading was never prolonged to weariness, and it never seemed to either a task. But the vision of the mother and the child thus communing with God together has often recalled the innocence of that hour, and the piety of that gentle instructor, and has stood like a warning board through later years. And when the child, after the reading, kneeled beside the holy book, and heard tender words of prayer, and repeated the simple syllables after her, it was the work of grace begun in infancy. The Christian parent that thus educates the little ones, will find their older hearts turning with reverence and affection to study these holy pages when no other heart is near, and when the parent can no longer aid.—*Presbyterian at Work.*

BOYS OUT AFTER NIGHT-FALL.

"Is not this a serious evil which would commend itself for correction to parents and guardians?" asks a correspondent, who has long been an observer, and is a sympathizing lover of boys, who likes to see them happy, cheerful and gleesome, and is not willing that they should be cheated out of their share of the pleasures of youth. Really, it is difficult to understand how a high-toned, useful man can be the ripened fruit of a boy who has not enjoyed a fair share of the glad privileges of youth. But while the friend of the youth watches with a jealous eye all customs which entrench upon their rights and privileges, he is equally fearful lest parents permit their sons indulgences which ruin their morals in almost all instances; and he knows of none more dangerous than that of allowing sons to be in the streets after night-fall. There they will learn many evil practices, such as theft, drunkenness and profanity. They acquire, under cover of night, an unhealthy and excited state of mind, bad practices, and criminal sentiments, which it will take years of the most judicious training to eradicate. Indeed it is in the street after night-fall that boys principally acquire the education that fits them, in after years, for becoming dissolute, criminal men, and makes them fit subjects for the penitentiary.

Parents should adopt an inflexible rule never to permit their sons, under any circumstances, to go into the street after night-fall, to engage in out-door sports, or to meet other boys for the purpose of lounging around groceries and saloons; but rather let them have some innocent amusement in-doors, with plenty of juvenile books and papers. Many a young man has been ruined in health, business, and character, who can trace the commencement of his ruin to the evenings spent in the street.

RICH BEGGARS.

Begging and tramping seem to have lost all their odium with a large class of persons, and to have taken rank with other employments. Men and women, by the thousands, now make their living by going from door to door, or asking alms in the streets in the city during the winter and taking excursions as tramps in the country during the summer. There is no way to break up the system like setting the beggars and tramps to work, compulsorily. This will soon lead them to take care of themselves, as they have as much horror of work as a mad dog has of water. The following account of a case at Berlin may help to enforce the call for some such compulsory process, as the only means of thinning out the vast army of vagrants and impostors:

"A professional beggar has recently died in Berlin, leaving a fortune of more than a million and a half marks ($375,000) to his heirs. He had many children and grandchildren, and lived in splendid style, giving sumptuous entertainments, at which the champagne is said to have run in streams. The soirées were only attended by middle-class society, and were held only during the winter. In summer the jovial old gentleman invariably left his house for four or five months. It is now known that he has regularly frequented, at least until a few years ago, the principal bathing-places of Germany, and that he gathered his immense plunder by begging. In wretched dress, with an invalid's cap, blue spectacles, long, snow-white hair, and apparently palsied limbs, he used to shamble slowly along the promenades. He never directly asked for anything, but used to receive voluntary offerings from the visitors, and these amounted to a large sum, which was regularly dispatched to Berlin every week. His biggest harvests were collected in the great gambling towns, when those places were in the full bloom of their prosperity. It was supposed that he had formerly been very rich, but had lost everything at the gaming-tables. He would pace to and fro in and around the great building at Baden Baden, and more than once during the day some player who had made a lucky stroke of business would sympathetically press a piece of gold upon the old man's acceptance. He is said to have driven this profitable trade for thirty seasons."

TIGERS IN SINGAPORE.

The Hon. N. F. Graves writes as follows to the N. Y. *Observer*:

Every one has read of the ravages of tigers on the island, but can hardly realize the extent of the depredations of these ferocious beasts when they become man-eating. There are a great number of small islands separated from this by only narrow straits, often not over a fourth of a mile broad. Most of these islands are volcanic, with rocky hills with thousands of caves, making secure hiding-places for wild animals. The tiger is at home in the water, being a splendid swimmer. He crosses the narrow strait, creeps along the fences and lurks in the bushes or grass waiting for his victims. We were riding on the great macadamized road to the Botanical Gardens, not two miles from the city, when our driver pointed out to us the field where a Chinaman was taken by a tiger only a few days before. He was hoeing in the field, five or six rods from a fence along which there were some bushes. Several other persons were only a few rods away. They heard a terrific growl and a scream. They looked, a tiger had the Chinaman in his mouth, and was at full speed for the strait, which was not two miles away. They said the tiger cleared the fence at a bound and seemed to carry the man as easily as a dog would a squirrel. They all followed and shouted, but no trace of the tiger or his victim could be found. They say here that this tiger has carried away more than fifty persons, and he has become so cunning and cautious that it seems impossible to take him. They seem to take it as a matter of course that a man will be taken away every few days. In many parts of the island it is dangerous to be in the fields after nightfall. There is a record here of the ravages of tigers for many years past which is astonishing and almost exceeds belief. A few years ago one tiger carried off one hundred and fifty persons in one year. About twenty years since three hundred persons were devoured by tigers in one year. This record of the devastation of tigers is a very curious one, full of incidents of thrilling interest. The man-eating tiger becomes very bold, and lurks in the suburbs of the city, and has often entered the city after dark and seized his victim at the very door of his house. The tiger advances stealthily until within springing distance, and then, with a rush and terrible roar, he dashes his prey to the ground, seizes it with his awful fangs and quickly bears it away.

THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY said that he owned his money, and would not allow it to own him. In this distinction lies all the difference between freedom and slavery. Where money is master the man is down. We have known instances, not a few, of Christian gentlemen and women who gave away all or large portions of their annual incomes from certain sources, preferring to be executors of their own wills, and they had the satisfaction of being benefactors. We have also known others who heaped up riches, not knowing who should gather them—whether lawyers, or speculators, or strangers, or heirs unfitted for the proper use of wealth. Which is the more excellent way?—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A COMMON PHENOMENON OF YOUTH is the lad who is ashamed to seem as good as he really is—who is laughed out of his better intentions. In youth, the fact comes to the surface; but it is just as true of later periods in life. Many a man has been laughed out of Sunday-school politics in very much the same way. Many a man indulges in profanity because it is the fashion of his associates. Many a man cheats in trade because he is ashamed to be honest. Many a man keeps to himself his respect for virtue and his practice of it, because of a shame in him that rises up at the appearance of professing something.

Question Corner.—No. 10.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

109. What king was cursed and grossly insulted, and by whom?
110. Who are the two women whose ages are mentioned in the Bible?
111. Of whom does the Bible speak as being a circuit judge?
112. What two persons witnessed the death of Aaron?
113. On what occasion did Samuel express a fear that Saul would kill him?
114. Why was Joab made captain of David's army?
115. Why did not Ezra have a band of soldiers to protect him and the Jews on their journey from Babylon to Jerusalem?
116. What king in sickness trusted in physicians rather than in the Lord for his recovery?
117. What king of Judah was overtaken by an invading army and had his eyes put out?
118. Who said, "This is none other than the house of God and this is the gate of Heaven?"
119. What prophet erected a monument commemorative of a great victory? What did he name the monument?
120. What two kings were driven from their dominions by hornets?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

When Ruth had gleaned the field all day,
She threshed and bore my first away
To where the good Naomi dwelt,
And eased the care the master felt.

When Barek fought and Sisera fled,
My second came into his head;
By Jael forcibly suggested,
And Deborah's song the deed attested.

When Paul was in Damascus kept,
My third conveyed him while they slept,
That so he might escape their hand,
And safely reach his fatherland.

Divide in halves these terms rehearsed,
And of their sections take the first;
Then with due care combine the same,
And you shall find a good man's name.

With Paul at Lystra see him now—
They hail him Jupiter! and bow;
But soon they drive, with changed opinion,
The apostles forth from their dominion.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 8

85. Mesha, 2 Kings iii. 5.
86. Twice, 1 Kings iii. 5; ix. 2.
87. At the Dedication of the Temple, 1 Kings viii. 46.
88. The tribe of Ephraim, Judges viii. 1.
89. Manasseh, 2 Kings xxi. 18.
90. In the reign of Hezekiah because "the children of Israel did burn incense to it." 2 Kings xviii. 4.
91. In the wilderness of Paran, Num. xii. 16.
92. David, for numbering the people, made choice of a three days' pestilence, 2 Sam. xxiv. 13.
93. Shimei, 1 Kings ii. 36.
94. Jezebel used Ahab's name, 1 Kings xxi. 8.
95. Ahijah, King Jeroboam's wife, 1 Kings xiv. 4.
96. Jonah was sent to the heathen city of Nineveh, Jonah 1.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

1. C-horazin, Luke x. 13.
2. A-ntioch, Acts xi. 26.
3. P-ergamas, Rev. ii. 12.
4. E-phesus, Acts xix. 1.
5. R-ome, Acts xxviii. 30.
6. N-inevah, Jonah iii. 5.
7. A-thens, Acts xvii. 23.
8. U-z, Job i. 1.
9. M-achpel, Gen. xxiii. 17.

Capernaum.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 8.—Mary M. Jones, 12ac.; George Chisholm, 10; Wm C. Wickham, 9; Kate Estey, 11ac.; George Estey, 11; Andrew W. Barnes, 9.

To No. 7.—Harry E Gowen, 9ac.; Bessie Rogers, 9; Louisa Robinson, A. A. Orford, 5; Larina K. Welter, 4; William C. Wickham, 9.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1879, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON XXII.

JUNE 1.]

PROPHECY AGAINST TYRE.—Ezek. 26: 7-14.

[About 588 B. C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 7, 13, 14.

7 For thus saith the Lord God:
Behold, I will bring upon Ty're
Neb-u-chad-rez'-zar king of Bab'-y-lon,
A king of kings, from the north,
With horses, and with chariots,
And with horsemen, and companies, and much people.
8 He shall slay with the sword thy daughters in the field:
And he shall make a fort against thee,
And cast a mount against thee,
And lift up the buckler against thee.
9 And he shall set engines of war against thy walls,
And with his axes he shall break down thy towers.
10 By reason of the abundance of his horses their dust shall cover thee:
Thy walls shall shake at the noise of the horsemen,
And of the wheels, and of the chariots,
When he shall enter into thy gates,
As men enter into a city wherein is made a breach.
11 With the hoofs of his horses shall he tread down all thy streets:
He shall slay thy people by the sword,
And thy strong garrisons shall go down to the ground.
12 And they shall make a spoil of thy riches,
And make a prey of thy merchandise:
And they shall break down thy walls,
And destroy thy pleasant houses:
And they shall lay thy stones and thy timber and thy dust
In the midst of the water.
13 And I will cause the noise of thy songs to cease;
And the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard.
14 And I will make thee like the top of a rock:
Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon;
Thou shalt be built no more:
For I the Lord have spoken it, saith the Lord God.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.—Matt. 24: 35.

—OR—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Destruction from God follows pride against Him.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Ezekiel lived during the Babylonish captivity, on the Chebar, commonly supposed to be the river Habor, 200 miles north of Babylon, but G. Rawlinson regards it as the Royal Canal of Nebuchadnezzar, near Babylon. His prophecies were spoken while he was in exile. The prophet having announced the coming destruction of the Ammonites, Moabites, Edomites, and Philistines, now turns to denounce Tyre, and foretell her overthrow.

NOTES.—*Ty-re—Tyre*, a noted commercial city of Phœnicia, on the Mediterranean Sea, north-west of Jerusalem. It was an old fortified city, Josh. 19: 24. Its king Hiram aided Solomon in building the temple, 1 Kings 5: 7-12; a daughter of the Sidonian king married Ahab, 1 Kings 16: 31; the city was taken by Shalmaneser, and again besieged for 13 years by Nebuchadnezzar, and deserted in 1291 A.D. Now Tyre is a poor fishing village, while old Tyre is completely destroyed, a "place to spread nets" of fishermen. *Neb-u-chad-nez'-zar—Prince of god Nebo*, the greatest monarch of Babylon; reigned 43 years; captured Jerusalem; enlarged his empire; beautified his capital by many magnificent buildings, such as the palace, the hanging gardens, and a wall vast walls, massive gates; many bricks are found with his name at Babylon; died 561 B.C. *Bab'-y-lon—Babel*, or *confusion*, the capital of the Babylonian Empire; one of the oldest cities in the world; of remarkable size; with walls of vast height and thickness, said to be 56 miles in its outer circumference; is now wonderful for its extensive ruins. *King of—King of kingsthem*, the son of a priest, taken captive to Babylon 11 years before the fall of Jerusalem, and settled with other Jewish exiles on the river Chebar, and exercised the prophetical office in captivity, and was highly esteemed by his companions.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) SIEGE OF TYRE. (II.) RUIN OF TYRE.

I. SIEGE OF TYRE. (7.) WILL BRING, by providential direction; KING OF KINGS, a favorite title of great monarchs of East; THE NORTH, Assyria was north-east of Tyre; COMPANIES, foot soldiers. (8.) DAUGHTERS . . . FIELD, not in walled towns; FORT, movable turret filled with men; CAST A MOUNT, an inclined plane of earth built up against the walls; BUCKLER, a shield, or probably a line of interlocked shields, as in storming a fortress (9.) ENGINES OF WAR, battering rams, heavy beams with iron heads, and swinging upon upright posts against the gates; AXES, swords; TOWERS, capture its strongholds. (10.) THEIR DUST, raised by the tramping of great companies of horsemen; ENTER, as a conqueror on a triumphal march into a captured city.

II. THE RUIN OF TYRE. (11.) TREAD DOWN, as if riding over people in the streets; SMITE THY PEOPLE, some of them: STRONG GARRISONS, pillars, citadels, or towns. (12.) THEY, the armies attacking Tyre; THY RICHES, for notice of the riches of Tyre, see chap. 27; MERCHANDISE, see chap. 27: 12-25; LAY THY STONES, . . . MIDST OF THE WATER. This was literally fulfilled by Alexander the Great who took stones, timber, etc., of old Tyre to build a causeway from the mainland to the island. (13.) SONGS TO CEASE, it was probably a city of unusual joy and mirth. (14.) LIKE . . . THE ROCK, or "a naked rock," that is, nothing left of the city but the rock upon which it was built. This is true now of Tyre; PLACE TO SPREAD NETS. The site of old Tyre is so used, and has been for centuries; BUILT NO MORE. This, too, is true; old Tyre was never rebuilt.

What facts in regard to Tyre teach us—

1. Not to rejoice in others' misfortunes?
2. That the Lord will punish the wicked?
3. That they may have worldly prosperity for a time?
4. That final judgment will be in proportion to the blessings misused or rejected?

LESSON XXIII.

JUNE 8.]

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.—Ezek. 37: 1-10.

[About 587 B. C.]

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 4, 5, 10.

1. The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones,

2. And caused me to pass by them and round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry.

3. And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.

4. Again he said unto me, Prophesy upon these dry bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

5. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live:

6. And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am the Lord.

7. So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone.

8. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews and the flesh came upon them, and the skin covered them above: but there was no breath in them.

9. Then said he unto me, Prophesy unto the wind, prophesy, son of man, and say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live.

10. So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are the spirit and they are life.—John 6: 63.

—OR—

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Holy Spirit is the reviving spirit.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—After foretelling the fall of Tyre, the prophet announces judgments to come upon Pharaoh and Egypt; the fall of Assyria: the particulars of the destruction of Egypt, rebukes the unfaithful rulers and leaders; pronounces the judgment of the Lord upon Edom, and comforts true Israelites with a promise of restoration, as in the lesson.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Remember that, by a long course in sin, souls become as dead and dry as the dry bones in the prophet's vision, but the power of the Lord can restore dead souls as readily as dry bones.

NOTES.—*Valley*, possibly the plain by the river Chebar, where Ezekiel dwelt, and where he had seen the glory of the Lord, 3: 22, or it may mean only a valley seen in the vision. It is used to picture a spiritual state or setting of the people. *Che'-bar*. This is commonly supposed to be the Habor, in Mesopotamia, 200 miles north of Babylon. G. Rawlinson identifies it with the Royal Canal made by Nebuchadnezzar near Babylon, and his view agrees with the tradition respecting Ezekiel's tomb

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) THE BONES DEAD AND DRY. (II.) THE BONES MADE ALIVE.

I. THE BONES DEAD AND DRY. (1.) HAND OF THE LORD, power of the Lord, 1 Kings, 18: 46; Dan. 10: 10; CARRIED ME, Acts 8: 39; IN THE SPIRIT, as in a vision, see case of Peter and of Philip, Acts 8: 39; 10: 10-19. (2.) PASS . . . ROUND ABOUT, walk through and around them, to view them closely; VERY DRY, dead so long. (3.) SON OF MAN, a common phrase in Ezekiel and Daniel; in the New Testament it is specially applied to Jesus; CAN THESE LIVE? said to test the faith of the prophet; THOU KNOWEST, implying that only God could revive them. (4.) PROPHESY, not foretell anything, but proclaim, preach to them. (5.) I WILL CAUSE, or "I am causing;" BREATH, life, Gen. 2: 7, (6.) SINEWS, "binding matter," that which joins and holds the bones together; SHALL LIVE, notice the natural order: (1.) bones; (2.) sinews; (3.) flesh; (4.) the skin; (5.) the breath—alive. Ps. 104: 30: YE SHALL KNOW, from this proof of my power.

II. THE BONES MADE ALIVE. (7.) WAS A NOISE, literally, "came a voice." 2 Sam. 5: 24: A SHAKING, or rattling from the moving of the many dry bones; BONE TO HIS BONE, each bone came into the proper place in each body or skeleton of a body. (8.) WHEN. OF "AS" I looked; FLESH CAME, Gen. 2: 7; ABOVE, over the flesh; NO BREATH, perfect bodies, but lifeless (9.) THE WIND, or "breath," spirit, see ver. 10: FOUR WINDS, from the four points of the compass; THESE SLAIN, these lifeless bodies, representing the dead state of Israel, and that of a soul in sin. (10.) LIVED, became alive: STOOD UP, as a proof that they were alive; GREAT ARMY, or "great host," not soldiers; the words refer only to the size of the multitude.

What facts in this lesson represent—

1. The sad condition of Israel?
2. Of souls in sin?
3. The final restoration of Israel?
4. The power of God's grace in dead souls?
5. The nature of the final resurrection?

ILLUSTRATIONS.—*Revivals.* In Helvetia there was a custom of celebrating the sun's return to heat and power, by putting out all the fires, for some days, that they might be rekindled from the sacred fires in the heathen temple on Tara hill. The people waited for the appearance of this sacred flame, and hastened from it to rekindle the fires on their own cold hearth. So on many a home altar the spiritual fires have gone out. These should be rekindled by the reviving power of the Holy Spirit. If that fire has gone out on the altar of our heart it is time to relight it."—*Adapted from Foster's Cyclopedia.*

In the vision of dry bones there was first a noise, and then a shaking through all the plain. Revivals always produce vigorous stirring in the church, and excitement in the neighborhood. . . . Revivals disturb the formalist, the indolent, the lukewarm, and the wicked. They produce trouble in the conscience, agitation in the mind, tumult in the emotions, commotion in the sympathies, and vigorous animation in all the faculties.—*Bates.*

NOT BY MIGHT, NOR BY POWER, BUT MY SPIRIT SAITH THE LORD.

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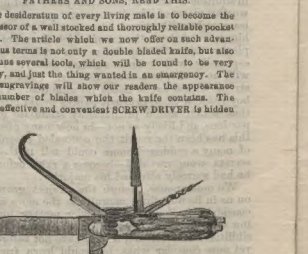

by the opened large blade, but is shown to the picture of the knife as closed. The HOOK can be made useful in sundry ways, such as to clean a horses' hoof, pull on the boots, lift a stove cover, &c. The back of the Hook makes a good tack hammer; while the inside of the hook forms a small but strong nut cracker. The Punch makes holes in harness, wood, &c., which can be enlarged by its sharp corners. All close into a strong and compact handle. This POCKETFUL OF TOOLS will be sent to any person who sends us $5 in new subscriptions to the WITNESS publications.

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